



GROUND COVER

NEWS AND SOLUTIONS FROM THE GROUND UP

January 2015 VOLUME 6 ISSUE 1

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Always more doing – when do we get to being?



by Susan Beckett
Publisher

Five more minutes – it's all I need to finish up weeding, then I'll play a game with you. Just five more minutes of writing, then we will have the rest of the evening. Five more minutes to empty my email inbox and then I'll call my parents, write my old friend, visit my sick uncle... Five more minutes to watch this video, then we can go for a walk.

The fabled five minutes fades into hours of absorption and the time to accept the invitation has vanished. Soon the invitations themselves are sparse. With so much to do, we hardly notice.

In this season of resolution-making, how many of us who are so busy will find a way to stop what we are doing so we can be with those who matter?

I am usually so occupied with doing that I don't have time to reflect on this. However, this past fall I attended the Groundcover News writing workshop. The leader, Pastor Martha Brunell, led us through a series of exercises that culminated with impromptu writing based on a prompt. By the time we got to the "Five more minutes" prompt, I was unwound and uncharacteristically reflective.

Being in that zone felt both peaceful and exciting – refreshing, even. There are reports circulating of how meditating for even short periods of time

induces the brain to re-build itself. It seems that I don't routinely even make time to truly be with *me*.

As I was writing this, I heard of the passing of Shawn Story, a Groundcover News vendor who was truly present with everyone he met. Like everyone else, he had things to do. Yet the dictate to share God's love was always at the top of his list.

Shawn's big smile, warm eyes and authentic presence will be deeply missed around Ann Arbor. I resolve to honor Shawn's memory by honoring other people as he did and remembering that sometimes we only have five more minutes.

Should police occupy America?

Dear Editor,

The recent unrest in Ferguson, Missouri, has highlighted the national trend of local police militarization. Heavy weapons and armored vehicles designed for urban combat are now being transferred to local police agencies with the blessings of federal officials. This increasing power imbalance can only worsen police/community relations. President Obama should reverse this authoritarian trend by denying any federal funding for this ill-conceived local power grab!

Paul Lambert

GROUNDCOVER MISSION:

Creating opportunity and a voice for low-income people while taking action to end homelessness and poverty.

Susan Beckett, Publisher
contact@groundcovernews.com

Lee Alexander, Editor
c.lee@groundcovernews.com

Andrew Nixon, Associate Editor

Contributors

Martha Brunell

Keagan Irrer

Lit Kurtz

Paul Lambert

Angie Martell

Kaitlin Schuler

Lisa Sonnenburg

Shawn Story

Rose Wisniewski

Letters to the Editor:
editor@groundcovernews.com

Story or Photo Submissions:
submissions@groundcovernews.com

Advertising:
contact@groundcovernews.com
www.groundcovernews.org
facebook.com/groundcover
423 S. 4th Ave, Ann Arbor
734-707-9210

Tributes to Shawn from friends and colleagues

Compared to the larger population, the deaths of homeless individuals seem enormous. The sorrow we feel at the loss of one of our own is enormous, too. Such is the case with my Groundcover colleague, Shawn Story. I will miss him greatly. – Lit Kurtz

Shawn was such a delight, and I hope his family knows how much this whole community loves him... There was just no way to not be happy when you were around Shawn. He was amazing to have around the house... He was always happy; I never knew how that worked. In the morning, I'd come down wondering *where is my coffee*, and out of the bathroom popped Shawn with shaving cream on his head and coffee in his hand saying, "Peggy, how are you this morning?" You just couldn't be grumpy. He was also an excellent cook... it was such a blessing for St. Mary's when he started coming. He made the world a better place. – Peggy Lynch

Friday, just before he passed, I was in the library and smelled that barbecue

see TRIBUTE, page 4



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What language do you speak?



by Rev. Dr. Martha Brunell
Groundcover Contributor

My best friend in college in the early 1970s, Christine, was a first generation Polish-American. Her family spoke Polish at home. Throughout elementary school and high school, she had three good friends: Ruth, who was first-generation Chinese-American and communicated in Chinese when home; Paul, whose Orthodox Jewish family were Yiddish speakers on the home front; and James, whose father was a Baptist preacher. I'm guessing their home talk was church talk. And since Christine's family of origin was consciously not a part of any faith or religious community, such church talk must have seemed like another language, too.

I remember Christine telling me that she was well along in elementary school before she realized that everyone did not

utter English on the street, in school, and inside the market while having a second language at home.

I was with my older daughter, Amanda, in Ecuador in March of 2004 when she received the certificate that identified her as fully fluent in Spanish. Amanda and her husband, Carmelo, whose first country was Nicaragua, switch back and forth between English and Spanish all the time at work and home. And just a few days ago, I was in my younger daughter Molly's first-grade classroom in the Chicago Public Schools. Having recently completed a masters in Literacy, Language, and Culture, Molly has all the first-grade ESL (English as a Second Language) learners in her class. The day I visited, they were reviewing a book they'd read earlier in the fall, Rachel Isadora's *Say Hello!* It's filled with greetings like *ciao, hola, shalom, jambo, konichiwa, bonjour, ni hao, and as-salamu alaykum*. The children's favorite among these expressions is *konichiwa*, a greeting in Japanese. When Molly

asked them that day about languages they speak at home, children responded with Spanish, Russian, French, and Serbian. Having a keen interest in sign language, Molly is encouraging her students to also add a handful of signs to their language learning.

All of this reflection on language leads me toward the recent violence in Ferguson – violence present across this nation. Ferguson was a boiling-over point. I lived and was in ministry for most of 30 years in Saint Louis, in a neighborhood far tougher than the community of Ferguson. I can close my eyes and see the streets where recent events have occurred. I have friends and former students engaged in a range of responses to what has happened and is happening there. I wonder about the languages we speak in the midst of violence. Do we bring one language or more to the conversation, the confrontation, the cracking open of possibility?

If we bring one language, there can be a value in the consistency of our

expression. Then what we say at home, in sacred spaces, while at work or shopping, in the act of gathering or relaxing, rings true with a clear expression of who and where we are.

From another angle, one language may indicate an inability to hear others, to enter into their stories, and approach, perhaps for the first time, their realities. One language or more: which is of greater value? There isn't one clear-cut answer.

What there can be is our attentiveness to the language or languages we use, to the beliefs and practices embedded in what we say, and to how one or more languages open us up or shuts us down to expanded, life-giving articulation. There are no simple answers in Ferguson or on Staten Island, in Los Angeles, Detroit, or Cleveland. But there can be a commitment to live into the tough questions with nimble, change-daring, and hospitable language.

Finding the bridge of communication

by Angie Martell
Groundcover Contributor

Our communication is what we put into the world and what remains after we have left it. In this way our communication is our karma.

Thich Nhat Hanh

In my last month's article, I wrote about how commonality promotes peace, justice, and equality. Due to space constraints, I omitted how important the "art of communication" is to that dialogue.

It has been said that there are eight barriers to communication:

1. Physical barriers that we erect to keep others out.
2. Perceptual barriers: those that we erect by thinking that the other person we are trying to connect with doesn't understand us.
3. Emotional baggage: all that stuff you have carried for a lifetime.
4. Cultural barriers: losing the perception of the common ground or fearing the common ground.
5. Language barriers: how we articulate things based on differences of language or culture.
6. Gender barriers: how we communi-

cate and express ourselves differently based on our gender.

7. Generational barriers: how we communicate with our youth and our elders.
8. Interpersonal barriers, which prevent us from being heard and hearing the other.

I think there is a ninth barrier to communication. The ninth barrier to communication is expectation, misperception, and judgment. Expectation, misperception, and judgment are often the barriers that get us in the most trouble. We often suffer because our communication with others is difficult. We suffer because we have lost our ability to understand each other.

When a child begins to develop and grow from infancy, we have an expectation that she or he will communicate a certain way. We impose this view on the child throughout his or her early education. We misperceive that child and expect and force this child to learn in a particular way so that she or he can be like everyone else and conform. We judge this child if she or he does not conform, and consequently, the child learns to distrust.

What we fail to realize is that, like this child, we are all very different people. Some of us are auditory, some of us

are visual, and some of us process information primarily through our other senses. Who we are as people, how we receive information, and what we have endured in our lives colors how we communicate with each other.

When we ingest toxic information from those around us or by what we watch or read, or when we start a conversation with someone else who is toxic, that information, anger, or frustration brings toxins into your mind and body.

If we are communicating and no one is listening, then we are not communicating effectively, and as a result, we suffer. When we suffer, we often lash out.

Buddhists believe that suffering can be brought about by "wrong speech" – speech that contains unkind, untruthful or violent words – while "loving speech," that is, speaking the truth in such a way that another person can accept it with mindfulness and compassion, can open the door to reconciliation and peace. When we believe and listen compassionately to one another even in the most challenging of situations, we break down these barriers to communication that we have created.

It is this diversity of who we are that can allow our communication with each other to grow exponentially, for only when we truly understand the other can we determine how to give the other

what the other needs and wants. Only by honoring our true selves can we truly establish our most rewarding connections to each other.

So, in this New Year, please join me in a new intention for our community: let us learn to speak to each other in a different way. May we be open and truthful, may we be kind, may we be harmonious, and may we be purposeful in our interactions with each other.

Let us think about why a person may be angry or frustrated and not react with our own anger and frustration. Let us show compassion. Let us not sow the seeds of fear, anger, hatred, or violence against each other, but instead learn to communicate better in the face of our differences. Let us embrace our differences and strive to find the love and openness we can possess with each other, so that we can make a positive difference for our children and for our world.

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Vendor Shawn Story's untimely passing triggers regret

Dear Editors,

I was surprised and saddened by the news of Shawn's death. He was a wonderful representative for your organization. I was moved to write a poem for him, below.

Sincerely,

Chandra

I Miss(ed) You, Friend

by Chandra Montgomery Nicol

My very soul was shocked by the news of Shawn's passing.

Someone so cheerful, friendly, faithful is surely glorying in the Lord now.

But I feel a crushing loss; especially one of missed opportunity.

I saw him about town regularly. I cheered on his poetry and asked for more.

But I missed every chance to tell him how much his eager, welcoming smile lit up my days.

It doesn't seem enough to write it now.

Tributes to Shawn from friends

continued from page 2

sauce. I peeked around the corner and asked, "Is that you, Shawn, eating your barbecue?" "It sure is," he said. – Dori

Shawn served as an example that, when someone really wants to make a change in their life, they can do so. – Greg Hoffman

He was always smiling and dancing. I'm going to miss him, but I'll always remember that dance... He was a good dude. Thank God for the memories and his writing – he will always be alive. – Joe

I had to learn to walk again. When Shawn saw me in my wheelchair, he said, "Girl, what happened?!" Every day, I would look forward to walking downtown where Shawn would say, "Ooh, you're walking better today!" and he would make a big joke out of it – he really encouraged me. And we had talks about God and his life, and I just didn't know he was that cool until we talked. I'm glad I took the time to get to know him. – Diahann Chatman

He gave of himself. He always gave. – a friend

I am a friend of Shawn's from St. Mary's, and what we shared was that we liked to shout joy. From half a block away, he'd be shouting, "Hey Rainey," and I'd be shouting, "Hey Shawn!"

There aren't that many people in the world who shout with joy, and we will miss him. – Rainey

Shawn showed what a helping hand and perseverance can accomplish in someone's life... He had a smile on his face, no matter what. He always had a smile on his face – that infectious, joyous energy... he kept on smiling, he kept on going, he kept on trying. He slipped a few times, but he always got right back up. – Keagan Irrer

You all know him as Shawn, but I know him as "Ace." From 10 years old, when I first met him, through high school and my college years working at Fairlane Ford, teaching him how to drive, at basketball games, helping with my rental houses... He's one of my closest friends... I love you, Shawn! – Aaron

Shawn was like my welcome wagon at Groundcover. I almost quit writing... his infectious joy healed me in that moment. – Alice Newell

Shawn always seemed content. He found contentment in everything he did. The last conversation I had with him, I was trying to get him to do this matched savings program I had just finished. He was adamant that he had everything he needed. He made more than he spent, and he was content. – Hailu

When I think of Shawn, I think of the term gentleman... he was a very gentle man. – Kathy Brindle

Having Faith

by Shawn Story

Groundcover Vendor #42

Faith: to believe in God's truth, fact, or idea.

Faith starts with the joy and happiness you bring to yourself and the know-how to be proud and confident in everything you do.

If you shut out the negative and bring in the positive, He will give you everything you need,

if you have faith in Him, He will bless you with everything you want.

Whatever you're thinking or feeling, create your future life,

your negative or positive energy gives off a vibe to the world.

Did you know that you don't surround the world, but that the world surrounds you?

1 Corinthians 2:5: That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.



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REVS. PAUL AND STACEY SIMPSON DUKE, PASTORS

Disability applications SOAR through system for housing-challenged people

by Rose Wisniewski
Groundcover Intern

Where does the man who washes dishes at a restaurant on Main Street turn when he gets sick or hurt? Unable to work, he loses the room he shares with three other men. We'll call him "Jim."

Or "Tania" – the woman you pass every day on your way to work. She has nothing but the clothes on her back. Thin and sickly, with rotting teeth and broken glasses, she has no resources and nowhere to go. Everyone who passes by averts her gaze.

"Connie" has schizophrenia and sometimes hears voices. In the past she would try to work. But something would always happen and she would lose her job. She was about to lose her apartment. As her stress increased, the voices got louder.

Since 2008, Social Security Insurance/ Social Security Disability Insurance (SSI/SSDI) Outreach Access and Recovery (SOAR) has offered a solution. It is an innovative program that expedites social security claims for people who are homeless or about to become homeless.

Local non-profits partner with the Social Security Administration (SSA) to help those who have mental illness and/ or a co-occurring substance use disorder in addition to homelessness. SSA has a special expedited process to review SOAR applications. Funded by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health

Services Administration (SAMHSA), it is a federal project. SOAR also expedites access to Medicaid and/or Medicare health insurance.

SOAR workers are trained to help people who, in the past, were unable to complete a traditional social security application due to its complexity, those who have been denied benefits, or those who would likely be denied if not for the SOAR program. Success rates are 2.5 times higher for approval with the SOAR model, with benefits being approved in one-tenth the time compared to mainstream Social Security claims.

SOAR agencies do not charge a fee. In mainstream cases, representatives receive one-third of the award. These cases can spend years in appeal. Overall, only 50 percent of these claims are successful versus SOAR's 66 percent success rate. SOAR appeals are heard in as little as 30 days.

In Washtenaw County, the Delonis Center, Community Mental Health, the Association for Community Advocacy, and the HIV AIDS Resource Center are among those who have SOAR case managers on staff who work holistically with their clients. Family and social history, activities of daily living, mental and physical health conditions, emergency room use, hospitalizations, employment, education, substance use, and legal issues are documented from medical records, family and friends, schools, former employers, counselors and case managers. Spotty medical

documentation is a common barrier to claim approval and is compounded by a lack of medical insurance. In these cases, either a referral is made for a physician's evaluation or these claims are simply denied. Under SOAR, claims are easily reopened and benefits are granted in as little as two to four weeks.

The case manager supports their client every step of the way. It is expected to take weeks to gather all necessary information. People who have been homeless can be slow to trust, with good reason. Some don't want to provide that much information until they understand the confidentiality agreement and the advantages cooperation brings. Some are re-traumatized by telling their story, so the process moves slowly.

After gathering all medical records and submitting them to Disability Determination Services (DDS), the case manager writes a medical summary synthesizing all of the medical evidence into a holistic narrative of the person's life. Similar to a legal brief, it tells the story of how their condition, described by the medical diagnosis, has made them disabled and unable to work. Once signed by a physician, it becomes medical evidence which carries much weight.

A SOAR determination is made within one to four months. If the initial application is denied, an appeal is heard within 90 days, compared to the years it takes in the mainstream social security appeals process.

The following personal accounts were taken from Social Security Disability Recovery Stories appearing in the 2014 *SOAR Technical Assistance Newsletter*. Client names have been changed to preserve confidentiality, and specific details are shared with permission.

Jim reflected on how SOAR helped. "I was approved for Social Security in 30 days. My case manager helped me find supportive housing. I have medical insurance for the first time in my life. Having social security to fall back on helped me take care of my basic needs so I could get into a job training program. Now I'm working part-time and may move to full-time soon. I couldn't have done that without SOAR."

Tania explained, "My case manager helped me get social security. I received Medicaid and found housing. For the first time in years, I went to the dentist and got dentures – the pain is gone! I have new glasses. My health is much better. I am volunteering at an animal shelter. I am very grateful to SOAR for all the help I've received!"

Connie reported, "My social security check allows me to pay my rent and utilities. Now I'm in school through Vocational Rehabilitation Services and I should graduate next year. I am in treatment for the voices and I have my own things to be proud of."

For more information about SOAR in Michigan, visit www.soarworks.prainc.com.

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Where humility resides

by Elizabeth "Lit" Kurtz
Groundcover Vendor #159

Few times in life do we experience the true meaning of humility. For those who venture to live as Christians, humility is imperative. Yet it is so easy to lose sight of this practice in the fast-paced, stressful and demanding world in which we live. While we would all like to think that we have it, a chance to practice it may be rare.

I was one fortunate beneficiary of an act of humility in perhaps its truest form when, one evening in October, a group of individuals gathered in the home known as "Mercy House Downtown." Every now and then, a bowl of salad greens or another dish hovered in the air as it passed across the table and back amidst ongoing conversations that ebbed and flowed as the various dishes made their way around the table.

The mood was light, and on first glance, it would be difficult to imagine that the discussions were among people who society has largely forgotten. That night, Mercy House Downtown opened its doors and offered, for at least an evening, an opportunity for members of the homeless community to forget, after once losing a home, how elusive finding



At a foot care evening at Mercy House, volunteers massage lotion into tired feet that seldom have a chance to rest. Photo by Viviana Pernot

one again can be.

But the fare at the table was just the beginning of the evening. Many of the homeless group of individuals who gathered here were eagerly awaiting free pedicures, which were the highlight of the night. Gradually the group moved into the living room where, one-by-one, we began removing shoes and socks. Soon, feet were soaking in tubs of hot

water and suds, where the brain-child behind this event, Nicole Novak, a University of Michigan Ph.D. candidate and resident volunteer, along with the other volunteers began the work of scrubbing toes and massaging lotions into fatigued feet that seldom have a chance to rest. Their proficiency was amazing.

After several moments, the room was


filled with people astonished with the transformation of their feet. Some of the menfolk who perhaps were experiencing a pedicure for the first time were unable to conceal their elation. Soon the ecstatic, almost giddy group members were escorted to another room, where volunteer medical resident physicians from the University of Michigan went to work examining feet for circulation and clipping nails, leaving a well-trimmed look that for the ladies ended in a fresh coat of the polish of their choice. Each of the group was then surprised with a new pair of sneakers, donated by Running Fit.

This night far outweighed my expectations and those of the other partakers. I am reminded that throughout the Bible, there are stories of foot washing and it is always associated with humility. Being the recipient of such a humble act serves to empower one's spirit.

Leaving there, we all realized that there will be miles to tread before we reach home again. Yet, this night served to ensure that the road ahead might be less challenging; that despite the obstacles, when people care enough to practice an act of humility, we can find the endurance to walk that extra mile and find home again.



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Mental illness and shouting police brandishing guns – my story

(Author, Caucasian and known as reliable, wishes to remain anonymous)

When it was announced there would be no charges in the killing of Mike Brown, Ferguson burned. The incident and fallout turned into the worst sort of media circus, with a cacophony of strident proclamations, each trying – and failing – to get the definitive word in on the whole disaster.

Though it got far less national play, I was vastly more disturbed by a similar incident in Ann Arbor, where on November 9 police broke into a home in response to a domestic disturbance call and killed an allegedly mentally ill woman named Aura Rosser. As of this writing, the judicial process has not finished working, but what has been revealed so far gives ample cause for concern. They shot her because she was “holding a knife.” The police had her vastly outnumbered and they had guns. If anyone had the right to feel afraid or threatened, it would have been the woman.

Of course, I can’t tell you for sure what she thought and felt staring down the barrel of a cop’s gun.

But I can tell you how it felt for me.

This was not an isolated incident. Much as I’d like to discount it as such, based on my own experience with the Ann Arbor Police Department (AAPD), it is not. I, too, struggle with mental illness, a depression powerful enough to lead to several suicide attempts.

A friend, worried for my safety one night, called 911. She was right to worry; I was home alone and had attempted suicide before. I had my razor out and attempted to slit my wrist – but TV and movies tend to leave out how painful and difficult that method is. The razor in question was a single-edge safety, about an inch-and-a-half long. There was plenty of blood, but I didn’t even get close to the artery. I had given up when I heard a banging on the sliding glass door on the other side of the room, and voices demanding that I open it.

They identified themselves as police, and I saw their uniforms and equipment – they were cops, no question, two of them, and I was taught to always do what the police asked. So I walked over and slid open the door.

They didn’t come in right away. There was one standing at the entrance, and



On December 15, protestors marched through the streets of Ann Arbor to a City Council meeting, demanding justice for Aura Rosser, a black woman and mother of three shot to death by the Ann Arbor Police on November 9.

one off to the side; the one in the door had her gun out but not pointed at me, and told me to put my hands up. I still had the razor in them, and she saw it. Immediately she started yelling in a loud and panicked voice, and pointed the gun directly at my chest. “HE’S GOT A RAZOR! DROP IT! DROP IT NOW!” – apparently fearing an implement that, given a half-hour’s time, I could do no lasting damage even to myself with. Her fellow officer was yelling, too, but I couldn’t make out his words; to be frank, I was paying much closer attention to the words of the agitated, yelling person who had a gun pointed at me at a range of one or two feet.

Somehow, I managed to obey all of her shouted orders to the letter; in order, I dropped the razor, slowly got to the ground, facing away from the door and the officers, and put my hands behind my back. When I was lying supine on the floor, she sat on me so that I couldn’t get up, and cuffed my hands behind my back. I was led out to an ambulance, where the officer who had held me at gunpoint rode along in the back with me. On the trip to the hospital, she talked about how selfish I was to try and kill myself, and how angry my friends and family would be with me.

I’m grateful to have emerged unscathed from the encounter. But it felt like my survival was based on my level-headedness rather than that of the police; had I been as panicked as they seemed, I believe they would have shot me. A sudden movement, not obeying their orders quick enough – based on reports of police violence around the country and how they behaved with me, I have ample reason to believe they wouldn’t have hesitated to pull the trigger.

messed up for the rest of your life. I’ve done my research; guns are far and away the easiest way to kill yourself, and it doesn’t matter for your purposes if you’re actually the one to pull the trigger.

I told my therapist my story, and she said that I wasn’t alone. It simply wasn’t a situation that the police were trained to handle. Another friend, who made a study of law enforcement, said that the police were trained to follow a 21-foot rule when it came to knives – 21 feet was the minimum safe distance at which you can shoot and kill an armed melee target and guarantee you won’t be stabbed in the process.

That might make sense if they’re dealing with assault and battery, breaking and entering, or something of that nature. But they weren’t. The assumption seems to be that every civilian they come across is a threat, and anyone with a weapon in their hand, no matter how ineffectual, warrants a gun in their face. Not to mention that, in my case at least, they assumed that I would be able to follow their orders to the letter, without any sudden movements – no flinching.

Panic seems a natural reaction to the police coming to your home and yelling at you while pointing a gun in your face; I was able to keep a level head and do as they asked, but I do not know if I could repeat the feat. Some would, some wouldn’t, and the implication was there that I would be killed if I didn’t.

The police department apparently has

see POLICE, page 11

Hot Deals on Cool Stuff!

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Items shown are representative of typical, not actual, inventory.

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www.a2kiwanis.org

Sudoku ★★★★★ 4puz.com

	6			3				
9	2	7		6				
5					8		4	2
6			4					8
1		9				2		7
7					5			3
2	7		3					4
				4		3	2	6
				2			9	

Fill in the squares so that each row, column, and 3-by-3 box contain the numbers 1 through 9.

Cryptoquote

KIVXV UXV ZVUBPEQ KIUK
UXV QLNBDT KIPCYIKQ.
RPX KIV XVOPXM,
BXVHCMLOVQ OUE FLTT
UEM QCQBLOLPE OUE
MVQKXPD.
– XPM QVXTLEY

Hint: f=H

Groundcover Vendor Code

While Groundcover News is a nonprofit organization and newspaper vendors are considered contracted self-employers, we still have expectations of how vendors should conduct themselves while selling and representing the paper.

The following list is our Vendor Code of Conduct, which every vendor reads and signs before receiving a badge and papers. We request that if you discover a vendor violating any tenets of the Code, please contact us and provide as many details as possible. Our paper and our vendors should be positively impacting our County.

All vendors must agree to the following code of conduct:

- Groundcover News will be distributed for a voluntary donation of \$1, or the face value of the paper. I agree not to ask for more than face value or solicit donations by any other means.
- I will only sell current issues of Groundcover News.
- I agree not to sell additional goods or products when selling the paper or to panhandle, including panhandling with only one paper.
- I will wear and display my badge when selling papers.
- I will only purchase the paper from Groundcover News Staff and will not sell

to or buy papers from other Groundcover News vendors, especially vendors who have been suspended or terminated.

- I agree to treat all customers, staff and other vendors respectfully. I will not “hard sell,” threaten, harass or pressure customers, staff, or other vendors verbally or physically.
- I will not sell Groundcover News under the influence of drugs or alcohol.
- I understand that I am not a legal employee of Groundcover News but a contracted worker responsible for my own well-being and income.
- I understand that my badge is property of Groundcover News and will not deface it. I will present my badge when purchasing the papers.
- I agree to stay off private property when selling Groundcover News.
- I understand to refrain from selling on public buses, federal property or stores unless there is permission from the owner.
- I agree to stay at least one block away from another vendor. I will also abide by the Vendor corner policy.

If you see any Groundcover News vendors not abiding by the code of conduct, please report the activity to:
contact@groundcovernews.com
734-707-9210

ACROSS

1. Soccer pro Wambach
5. Angelina's hubby
9. Not as well cooked
14. Type of diagram
15. Spacious
16. Green
17. Sour
18. *The Great* _____
19. Diminished
20. _____ League
21. Nonscientific endeavor
22. Curve
23. Paula Abdul song
27. 1960s rock band
30. Time period
31. Western Asset Global High Income Fund (abbr.)
32. Rapper
33. Chemical analysis
36. Optical analysis
37. City in Israel
38. Promissory note
39. Unpaid
40. Awaken
41. Plant genus
42. One of two
43. Fred _____, west coast retail chain
44. Stitched
45. Doctors' group (abbr.)
46. Brooks or Blanc
47. Gee's opposite
48. Jules Verne character
53. Greek goddess
55. Volcano output
56. Comic book publisher Stan
57. Away
59. Actor Grant
61. Winged
62. Meetings
63. Emerald _____
64. Resolute
65. Allows access
66. Plant part
67. Nastassja Kinski role

DOWN

1. Storage area
2. Great performance!
3. Mineral
4. Nevertheless
5. Lifeless

Under the weather

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12	13
14					15					16				
17					18					19				
20				21					22					
23			24				25	26				27	28	29
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41					42					43				
44					45				46					
47				48				49				50	51	52
		53	54					55				56		
57	58					59	60				61			
62						63					64			
65						66					67			

6. Lariat
7. Curve
8. Tint
9. Sculled
10. Actor Rickman
11. Metropolis nickname
12. Actress Arden
13. Auburn
21. Greeting
22. Existence
24. Anesthetize
25. Performance
26. Scottish title
28. Mysterious
29. Best's successor
32. *Life* _____, 2014 biopic
33. Embarrass
34. Fish genus

35. Brothers Grimm character
36. Hindu title
39. Midwest city
43. Dovetail
46. Prepared potatoes
48. Iron
49. Bird
50. Stan's partner
51. Mechanical parts
52. Bacteria
54. Paradise
57. Commotion
58. Tree fluid
59. Pronoun
60. Expend
61. Rear

Puzzle by Jeff Richmond



Bethlehem United Church of Christ

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Bethlehem Church is the home of the Groundcover office.

Sundays:

8:30 am and 10:00 am – Worship Services
10:15 am – Sunday school
Fellowship Hour follows each service

Upcoming Community Events

(Bethlehem-ucc.org for more details)

- With the help of the Shelter Assoc. & Delonis Center, Bethlehem Church will be providing overflow shelter for up to 50 homeless men and women, during the month of January.
- **February 6** is our annual Sauerkraut Supper
- **February 14 & 27** German Pretzels sales will resume.

www.bethlehem-ucc.org
www.facebook.com/bethlehemucca2
www.pinterest.com/bethlehemucca2
www.youtube.com/user/BethlehemChurchA2

Dingell's empathy has deep roots



Debbie Dingell bypassed other scheduled appearances to attend the entire dedication of the re-opening of Avalon's Pauline Apartments – because it mattered to her.

by Keagan Irrer
Groundcover Contributor

(When we interviewed Debbie Dingell in September, we learned that she has long been a Groundcover News patron, faithfully purchasing a copy from Mary each month at the Farmer's Market. She graciously shared with us her personal story which left her attuned to our mission and passionate about public policy.)

By most accounts, her husband's old Congressional seat had been Debbie Dingell's for the taking ever since she announced she would run for it. But you wouldn't know it from the way she spoke about the race; she takes nothing for granted, and with good reason.

The unpredictability of elections alone would be enough for a wise candidate not to take any one of them for granted, but Dingell's personal narrative underscores just how tragically uncertain life can be. Her father "had demons," as she phrased it, and her childhood was punctuated by frequent, ugly fights between him and her mother.

Dingell recalled one of their worst battles in a Washington Post op-ed. At the age of 12, "I got between them – literally – and tried to grab the gun [that her father was pointing at her mother]. I will never forget that night. The shouting. The fear. The raw terror that we would all die, my brother and sisters along with my parents. My calling for help but the police not coming; my parents were important people in town. My mother running out of the house. I locked my brother and

sisters in a bedroom and pushed a bed against the door. My father broke in, took the door off the hinges and pulled the phone from the wall. He took the knobs off all the doors, so we could not get out and no one could get in."

She and her family survived, physically – but her emotion when talking about the incident was palpable. Her younger sister developed demons of her own, which Dingell attributes at least in part to that night, and died several years later from a drug overdose after a long, tragic battle with mental illness, including suicidal behavior and a protracted, frustrating experience with the system supposedly in place to help people like her sister.

She urges anyone being abused to get out immediately and ensures them that doing so is in the best interests of any children involved. Dingell helps out at Haven, First Step and Safe House, the domestic violence sanctuaries in our area.

Her experience with mentally ill friends and family members, and seeing how those illnesses were handled – both by people in general and by the medical system – has led to the strong conviction that America needs to rethink how it treats mental patients, both in terms of the cultural stigma surrounding the illness and how it's handled by the medical and legal communities. She talked about the problems that mental illness feeds, among them homelessness, unemployment, and gun violence – and how addressing mental illness was an

see DINGELL, page 10



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OFFICE OF COMMUNITY &
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

Empathy runs deep in Debbie Dingell

continued from page 9

important component of addressing these problems.

Congress can become a bubble for some members, who are somewhat insulated from the situation of ordinary Americans; Dingell is anything but. Not only does she have a compelling personal narrative and moving stories from other people, she's also able to link these stories clearly and logically to policy approaches, and able to back up her assertions with data and research. Most weekends, she can usually be found at Kroger checking the prices of groceries, watching them go up steadily while wages remain stagnant. She clearly recognizes her role in Congress would be that of a public servant above all else; she already has been serving in that capacity at her husband's side, and is now preparing to take center stage.

When talking about the problems our nation faces, Dingell was articulate and passionate. She emphasized the importance of education spending, noting that prison spending had

recently been growing at over five times the rate of spending on schools. In terms of jobs, Dingell talked about protecting unions and their right to exist – in her words, “Unions created the middle class” – and that right-to-work legislation was a step in the wrong direction. The federal tax code, a complicated law by any measure, needed to be simplified – according to Dingell, there were too many exemptions and riders and so forth.

Dingell is especially concerned about people who want to work but have not been able to find jobs. She is concerned with the difficulty workers over the age of 50 face in gaining new employment, and their vulnerability to depression if they cannot get work in their professions. Young people, facing stiff challenges to getting a foot in the employment door, are sometimes subjected to sexual harassment and other pressures which would not normally be tolerated. With so few unions, there is little protection for workers.

Simplification of government was a

theme; she brought it up again when talking about job training programs, of which she said there are 38 at the federal level. Campaign finance reform and the issues behind it – money as voice, and corporations being considered people – came up as critical. Money is becoming more and more crucial to running for office, and larger and larger quantities are needed to even have a chance at winning; candidates are spending huge amounts of time on fundraising, giving them a wildly disproportionate amount of time with their wealthiest supporters when many of them would rather be out knocking doors or making phone calls, and connecting with ordinary, everyday voters.

Dingell is quite knowledgeable about public policy. However, policy expertise is of far less value if it cannot be translated into legislation, and the current Congress seems utterly hostile to any new laws of significance. Partisan entrenchment seems worse than at any time since the eve of the Civil War in 1860, and is leading to near-reflexive rejection of ideas from the other side; compromise seems a forgotten word.

Given the climate there now, it would be surprising to see much get passed unless a single party somehow takes 60 Senate seats, a House majority, and the White House.

Dingell seemed unfazed at the prospect of walking into such an environment; she spoke of her experience in building coalitions, the importance of talking to everyone and learning from everyone, and building trust on both a personal and professional level. Daunting though the prospect may seem, Dingell is determined to at least make an effort to reach across the aisle, and appears to have the tact and open-mindedness necessary for such an effort to succeed.

All in all, Dingell's combination of personal and professional experience have prepared her well to occupy her husband's vacated seat. She is well-equipped to deal with the difficulties presented not just by being a member of Congress, but of this Congress in particular. Her coalition-building and tact should help her represent her district with distinction, and the coping skills she developed in childhood will be sorely needed.

WANTED



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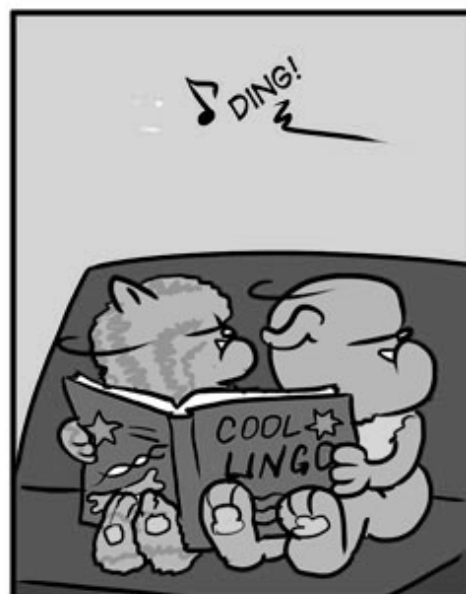
Please call 734-707-9210 or email contact@groundcovernews.com

Guest vendors for Vendor Week!

Audrey Smith joined Groundcover vendors Tony and John in early January as part of a U-M Art and Design class assignment to see if appearing in a costume would increase sales. They nearly doubled for Tony! (John was already wearing a costume of his own for Midnight Madness.)

International Vendor Week, February 4 -11, is an ideal time for Smith and others to appear with Groundcover News vendors to help them sell and to

show that they are appreciated. Appearances by Mayor Hieftje and basketball player Jordan Morgan were last year's sales highlights. The company of U-M students was welcome, as were home-made chocolate chip cookies delivered to vendors. Help us make this year special – email contact@groundcovernews.com or call 734-707-9210 to explore ways to participate. And keep your eyes open around downtown and campus – you never know when a flash mob will erupt around a vendor!



Meet Paula Anderson, Groundcover vendor #157 and aspiring writer

by Kaitlin Schuler
U-M Student Contributor

Paula Anderson has been a Groundcover vendor for a little over a year, but her life in Ann Arbor began when she was three years old. She was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, but her father moved her family to Ann Arbor a few years after her birth. Anderson attended Pioneer High School for two years, but ended up graduating from a high school in northern Michigan, with a class of only 125 students.

Anderson found out about Groundcover in a way that many of our vendors do: from another vendor. “When I was in the shelter last year, I knew Peggy was doing it,” she said, “so I came in, too, and started selling papers.”

Though many Groundcover vendors like to have a certain spot they try to sell at regularly, aside from her weekend mornings at the Village Kitchen, where she waited tables when she was younger, Anderson has been switching up her selling points lately. “I used to sell



Paula is dressed for winter and waiting to sell at the People’s Food Co-op, one of her favorite selling locations.

at Mighty Good Coffee,” she explained. “But now I usually sell at Starbucks or

the [People’s Food] Co-op. I sold at the church on Sunday, too, and that worked out really well.”

Anderson currently lives in Ypsilanti, but offered some advice for vendors and others who still struggle with housing. “They just need to try to work, and check out the shelters,” she said. “You need to know what the rules are for the shelters, and just make sure to really try to stick to them.”

After a year of selling Groundcover, Anderson also had some good advice for new Groundcover vendors or ones having some trouble selling. “It’s all in your attitude and how you approach people,” Anderson shared. “I mainly sell the Groundcover for extra money. It helps me give my daughter a little help, since I have

two grandbabies. So I’m treating selling Groundcover like a real job, and it is.”

Her daughter lives out-of-state, but Anderson likes to keep up with her and her children via Facebook. “I used to bowl, too, for fun,” she explained, “but I can’t now that my back went out.”

Right now, Anderson is learning to be a writer and going to group therapy. “My dad never forced us to read,” she said, “but I try my best to learn how to read and spell, so I can be a writer.”

Life might not always go the way Anderson would like – she has lost a few friends to drug use, among other hardships, and struggles with her health – but she tries to keep her head up and keep doing good things. “I try my best to be a good person and a good vendor,” Anderson said. “Sometimes life gets in the way, but I try my best.”

Police brandishing guns

continued from page 7

many policies and procedures in place to protect its officers; I would suggest that they introduce a few more policies for the protection of civilians as well. I acknowledge that shootings like this are not frequent incidents for the AAPD, and that by-and-large they do an excellent job of serving our community. And my criticism is not leveled at the officers; they were acting as they were trained to. But their training was improper for the situation.

I cannot say what happened in the cases of Michael Brown and Aura Rosser. We have only the police accounts for the latter, and contradicting eyewitness accounts and inconclusive forensic evidence to supplement Mr. Wilson’s testimony. Even when there are wit-

nesses to these situations, eyewitness testimony and human memory are far less reliable than we generally like to acknowledge. Body cameras are being tested in several jurisdictions across the country, including the Washtenaw County Sheriff’s Department; For the protection of both officers and citizens, the City of Ann Arbor should both wear body cameras and reevaluate how they approach the mentally ill.

Suspicion and fear of the police is on the rise nationally. This impedes the ability of the police to do their job and consequently needs to be addressed; it’s in the interest of law enforcement to make an effort to rebuild trust with the public. I can only hope that city officials recognize this, as well.



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There are weapons that are simply thoughts. For the record, prejudices can kill and suspicion can destroy.

– Rod Serling

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2	7	6	3	5	9	1	8	4
8	9	5	1	4	7	3	2	6
3	1	4	8	2	6	7	9	5

A	B	B	Y		B	R	A	D		R	A	W	E	R
T	R	E	E		A	I	R	Y		O	L	I	V	E
T	A	R	T		R	A	C	E		W	A	N	E	D
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D	A	T	E	S		I	S	L	E		F	I	R	M
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Couscous Soup with Sausage



by **Lisa Sonnenburg**
Groundcover Contributor

- 1 tbsp chopped jalapeno peppers
- 1 tbsp olive oil
- ½ teaspoon cumin
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 pound smoked sausage, cut into ¼-inch slices
- 2½ cups water
- 1 can condensed chicken broth (10.75 oz)
- ½ cup couscous
- 2 tbsp chopped fresh or 2 tsp dried mint leaves
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 medium tomato, seeded and chopped

Directions:

Cook peppers, oil, cumin, garlic and sausage in saucepan over medium heat until sausage is brown (about 8-10 minutes). Drain.

Add water and chicken broth and heat to boiling.

Stir in couscous, mint and pepper.

Reduce heat, cover and simmer 5 minutes.

Stir in tomato.

Serve with chopped parsley, garlic and lemon juice if desired.

Vegetarian Version: use meatless sausage and vegetable broth instead of chicken broth.

Recipe writer returns to Canada

Our resident recipe maven and volunteer extraordinaire, Lisa Sonnenburg, has returned to her native Toronto. We will miss her humor, dedication and cheeriness along with her seemingly endless supply of recipes for easily prepared, healthy food. Lisa, thank you for everything. We wish you a lifetime of happiness!

Anyone wishing to help us through this transition is invited to send a recipe to submissions@groundcovernews.com before the 15th of any month.

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